

Annelida and false Arctur

Thou fierse god of armes/mars the rede
That in the frosty contre called trace
Withyn thy gressly temple ful of drede
Honourd art as patron of that place
With thy bellona/pallas ful of grace
Be present and my song contynue & gye
At my begynnynge thus to the I crye

For it ful depe is sonken in my mynde
With pietes herte in english for tendyte
This olde storrye in latyn that I fynde
Of quene anelida & fals arctur
That elde that all can frete and byte
As it hath freten many anoble storrye
Hath nygh deuoured out of my memorye

Be fauorable eke thou polinnia
On pernafo that With thy sustren glade
By elpeon, not fer from circea
Singeest With vois memorial in the shade
Under the laurer the Whiche may not fade
And do that I my ship to hauyn Wynnue
First folowe I stace and after that corynne

When the seas with waves long & great
Thaspre full of cythre had overcome
With banner crownded i his chare gold sette
Horne to his contrie hool is come
For whiche the peple blifful al and some
So cryeden, that to the steeres it wente
And hym to honouren, dide al thair entete

Before this due in signe of victorie
The trompes come, and in his banner large
The ymage of mars, & in tokenig of glorie
Men might see of tresour many a charge
Many bright helme & many a spere & target
Mani a fresh knight & mani a blifful route
On hors & fote al the felde aboute

Polita his wyf, the hardy quene
Of cythia, that he conquerd had
With emelle, her yough fuster shene
Fair in a chare of gold, he with hym lad
That al p gould aboute her chare she sprad
With brightnes of the beaute of her face
Fulfilld with largesse of alle grace

With this cypre & laure crowned thus
In alle the floure of fortunes payng
Lette I this noble pryncer Theseus
Toward Athens in his way rydng
And fonde I wil shortly for to bring
The sleight way of that I gan to write
Of quene anelida and false arcyte

Mars that with his furpous cours of Jue
Tholde bratke of Juno to suffylle
Hath sette the peples hertes bothe a fire
Of thekes and grece, eche othre to kille
With bloddy speres, ne rested never styll
But throg, now here, now there amoge bothe
Til everyche othre wolde so were they woth

For whan amphiorax and tides
Ipomedon and parthonope also
Were dede and slayn and proud capane
And whan the wretched brethern two
Were slayn and lyng adrastus hom y go
So desolate stode thekes, and so bare
That no wight couthe remedye of his fere

And when tholde creon gan espye
How the blode royal was brought adoun
He helde that cyte by his tyrannye
And dyde the gentyls of that regyoun
To be his frondes, & women in that towne
So what for loue of him, & what for albe
The noble folk were to the towne ydrawe

Among alle these, anelida the quene
Of ermonye, was in that towne dwelling
That fairer was, than is the some bene
Church the world so gan her name spreying
That her to seen, had every wyght lykynge
For as of trouth, is ther none her lyk
Of alle the women in the world, ryche

Yonge was this quene, of .xx. yere olde
Of myddel stature, & of suche faynes
That nature had a Joye her to byholde
And for to speke of her stedfastnes
She passed hath penelope & lucre
And shortly yf she shal be comprehended
In her myght nothyng been amended

This cheyng knyght eke soth to seyne
Was yong & thur With al a lusty knyght
But he Was double in loue & nothynge pleysh
And subtyl in that craft ouer ony wight
And Withe his cūnyng Wan þ lady bright
For so ferforth he gan to her trouth ensure
That she hym trusted ouer ony creature

What shold I seyn she loued arcyte so
That Whan he Was absent ony thoolbe
Anon her thought her herte brest atwo
For in her sight to her he bare hym love
So that she wend haue al his herte yknowe
But he Was fals it Was but feyned chere
Al nedeth not to men suche craft to leue

But natheles ful mychel besynes
Had he or he myght his lady wyne
And sware he wold dye for distress
Or from his Witte he said he wold twayne
Alas the Whyle for it Was ruth & synne
That she vpon his sorowes wold reue
But nothynge thinketh the fals as the trewe

Hyf freddam fonde arcyte in fuche manere
That al was his that she hath moche or lte
Al to no creature, made she there
Further, than that it lyketh to arcyte
Ther nas lack, wherwith he myght her wite
She was so ferforth yeven him to plese
That al that lyketh hym it dede her eese

Ther nas to her, no maner lre sent
That touched loue, from ony maner wight
That she ne shewid it hym, er it was hent
So pleyh she was & dyd her ful myght
That she nel hidden nothig from her knyght
Lest he of ony vntrowth her vphreyde
With oute lode, his heste she obeyde

And eke he made hym jelouse ouer here
That whan ony man had to her said
Anon he wold prayen her to swere
What was þ word, or make him euil paid
And than wde she out of her wyte haue brayd
But al this nas but slepyght & flaterye
Without loue he feigned jelousye

And all this tyme he so delonably
That al his will it thought he skilful thing
And ever the longer she loveth hym tenderly
And did hym honour, as he were a kyng
Her herte was to hym wedded with a ring
So farforth hym to utter, is her entente
That where he goth, he herte with hym bette

Whan she shal see, on hym is al her thought
That wel knoweth, of mete toke she kept
And whan þ she was to her rest brought
On hym she thought alway, til þ she slept
Whan he was absent, pryvely she wol'd wept
Thus syneth fayr anelyda the quene
For fals accyte, that dyd he al this tene

This fals accyte, of his newfanglenes
For he to hym so lowly was and trewe
Toke lasse wynte, of her stedfastnes
And false another lady proude and newbe
And right anon he clad hym in her helpe
Wote I not whether, in whyte rede or grene
And fals hede fayr anelyda the quene

But natheles grete wonder Was it none
Though he Was fals, it is kynde of man
Synth louth Was, that is so long a goon
To louny lout as fals, as ouer he can
He Was the first fater that began
To louny lout, and Was in bygamye
And he fondy tentes first but yf men lye

This fals arcyte, somwhat muste he feyne
Whan he Was fals, to couere his trayterye
Ryght as an hors, yf any both bite & pleyne
For he bar her on hondy, of trecherye
And swore he couthe her doublenes espye
And al Was falsnes that she to hym ment
Thy swore this theef & forth his way he went

Allas What herke, myght enduren it
For wouth & woo, her forow for to telle
Or what may hath yf comynge or the witte
Or what may myght within yf chabre duelle
Yf that I referre holdy the lelle
That suffreth fair anelida the quene
For fals arcyte, that dide her al this tene

She wepeth, wayleth, & wailleth piteously
To ground: dede she falleth as a stone
Crampisseth her lymes, coldely
She speaketh as her wit were all agone
Othre colour than ashen hath she none
None othre worde speaketh she moche or lye
But mercy cruel herte myn aryte

And thus endureth til that she was so mate
That she had foot on whiche she may susteine
But forth languysshing eies in this astate
On whiche aryte hath routh non ne tene
His herte was els where, newe and grene
That on her woo, not depneth hym to thinke
Hym recketh not, whether she flete or synke

This newe lady holdeth hym so narow
Up by the byrdel, at the staves ende
That euery worde he dead as an arowe
Her danger made hym bothe bolde and kende
And as her liste, made hym turne & wende
For she ne granteth hym in her luyng
No grace, why that he hath lust to synge

But whan he forth smeth hit her knote
That he was seruant, unto her ladyship
But she so he was proude she helde hym so
Thus seruent he, withoute mete or spye
She sent hym now to land & now to see
And for she gaf hym danger, at his fe
Her fore she had hym, at her olde wyll

Ensample of this ye chastyt Women alle
Takeeth heed of anelida and arcyte
That for her lyste, hym deere herte calle
And was so meke, therefore he loueth her lye
The kynde of man's herte, is to deleyte
In thing that strange is, also god me saue
For what he may not gete, that wold he haue

Now come we to anelida agayn
That prynceth day by day languysshynge
But whan she sawe that her gate no gayn
Opon a day, ful of sorowful wepyng
She cast her, for to make a compleynyng
And of her olde lady she gan it weye
And sende it to her thelous knyght arcyte

Here foloweth the compleyne of anelica
quene of hermenye upon false arcyte
of thebes.

So chaleteth With the wit of remembrance
The swerd of sorow, Whet With fals plesace
My hert hure of blisse, & blak of helpe
That torned is, in qualypng, al my daunce
My selberte in a whaped consenauce
Syth it awaylleteth not to be trewe
For who so trewest is it shal her we
That serueth loue, and with her obseruance
All way tyl one, and changeth for no newe

I wote my self, as wel as ony wight
For I loued one With al my hert & myght
More than my self, ay, C. thousand syth
And called hym, my hertis lyp, my knyght
And was all his, as fer as it was right
And whan he was glad, than was I blithe
And his disese, was my deth as swithe
And he agayn, his trouth hath me plight
For euermore, his lady me to knyght

Alas is he false, false, and causeles
And of my Boorde is so routeles
That with a word, hym life not ones wyne
To bringe agayn, my sorowful herte in pes
For he is caught by, in an other lye
Ryght as hym lyst, he labbeth at my payne
And I ne can my herte, not rescreyne
For to loue hym, ne thes theles
And of alle this, I note to Whom to pleyne

And shal I pleyne, alas the hardy stounde
Vnto my foe, that pass my herte, a bounde
And yet desireth, that my harme be more
May certes, for thes shal neuer be founde
None other helpe, my sorowes for to sounde
My destiny hath shew, it is so ful pore
I wil none other medecyn, ne love
I wil be ay, thes I was ones bounde
That I haue seyd, he seyd, for euermore

Alas, Where is become your gyftillesse
Your Boorde ful of plesance and humblesse
Your obsequantes, and so lollie manere

Your alwaypnyng and your besynesse
Upon me, that ye called your maistresse
Your soueraynt of this world is here
Alas, and is ther now no word ne chere
Ye touchen sauf, upon my besynesse
Alas, your loue, I bye it al to dre

Now certes wete, though that ye
Thus causeles, the cause be
Of my dedely, aduersite
Your manly reſon, ought it to respyte
To ſee your frende, & namely me
That neuer yet in no degre
Offendyd, as wyſly be
That al wote, oute of wo my ſoule quyte
But for I was ſo playn arcyte
In al my werkes moche & lite
And ſo beſp, you to delite
My honour ſauf, meke, kynde, and free
Therefore ye put on me this wite
And alſo ye reken not a myte
Though that the ſwerd of ſorow bite
My woful herte, thurgh your cruelte

Why shewe you, why do ye so, for shame
And thank ye, that further be your name
To love a welle, and be in drede, may
And put you in fulfild of nobles blame
And do so in your sight, and game
That love you most, god thou host, all hope
Yet come agayn, & be thou playn, som daye
And then shal this, & noble is mis, & game
And all forgoe, whyle I lyue, maye

So heere myn, alle this is for to seyn
As welles, that I pray, or ellis pleyn
Whiche is the way, to do you to be trewe
For ether mote I han you in my cheyn
Or with the deeth, ye mote departe so fleyne
Elex lye none othez mene, weyes nebe
For god so wysly, on my soule rebe
As simply ye ste me with the pyn
That may ye se, in feryned, an my bebe

And holden I praye, and weyuen womaled
May rather dye, than to so cruel dete
And aye merty causes, what neede

And yf I pleyne, What lyf that I lede
Thenne wil ye laude I knowe it out of dede
And yf that I to you, myn othe s bede
For myn excuse, a skorn shal be my mede
Your chere flourith, but it wil not fede
For longe a goo, I ofte han take bede

For though I had you to morn ageyn
I myght as wel holde apryll for reyn
As holden you, to make you stedfaste
Alle myghty god of trouth souereyn
Wher is þ trouth of man, Who hath it seyn
Who þ hym loueth shal hym fynde as faste
As in a tempeste is a roten mast
Is that a tame best, that is ay fayne
To fle a way, Whan he is lest agaste

But mercy wete yf I mys seye
Haue I ought seyd out of the weye
I note, my witte is half a weye
I fare as woth the songe of chaunteplure
For now I pleyne, and now I pleye
I am so married that I deye

Arctur hath born alwey the hepe
Of alle my woold and good aventure

For in this woold my creature
Wakynge in more discumfure
Than I ne more forwurdure
And yf I slepe, a furlong wepe or tewe
Thenne thinketh me, your fygure
Before me stont, clothid in azure
To profren eft, and new assure
For to be trewe, and loue me, til he deye

The longe nyght, this wonder sight, I deye
And on the day, for thilke affray, I deye
And of all this right nought ywis ye reach
Ne neuer mo, myn eyen tho, he deye
And to your woulde, & to your trouthe, I crye
But wealwey, for ben they, to feache
Thus holdeth me, my destyne, a wreake
But me to rede, out of this drede, or gye
Ne may my wyte, so wepke is it, not streake

Thenne I thus, syn I may do no more

I geue it vp, for now and euermore
For shal I neuer, eft putten in balance
My sikernes, or lerne of loue the lore
But as the swan, I haue herd, sepe ful pore
Agayn his deeth, shal synge his penance
So synge I here, my destyne or chance
How that arctite, anelida so fore
Hath thirled, with the peynt of remembrance

Thus endeth the compleynt of anelida

The gpleit of chaucer vnto his empty purse

To you my purs, and to none other wight
Compleyne I for ye be my lady dere
I am fory now, that ye be light
For certes, ye now make me heuy chere
Me were as lief, be leyde vpon a bere
For whiche, vnto your mercy thus I crye
Be heuy agayn, or ellis mote I dye

Now Rouchesauf, this day or yet be nyght
That I of you, the blissful solwe may be

Oz see your colour like the some bright
That of redolence had never part
Ye be my life, ye be my lorde, my frende
Givene comfort and of good companye
Be leuy agayn, or ellis mote I dye

Now purg that be to me my lyues light
And saueour, as down in this world here
Out of this toun helpe me by your might
Syn that ye wil not be my trefourer
For I am shawe, as nyght as ony frende
But I pray vnto your curtoisye
Be leuy agayn, or ellis mote I dye

Thenuoye of chaucer vnto the kynge

O conquerour of hautes albyon
Whiche that by lyne, and by election
Shen becom kynge, this to you I sende
And ye that may alle harmes amende
Haue mynde vpon my supplicacion

Explicit.

